

5 ways dream kisses & 1 he does not

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/27187247) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/27187247>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M , Multi
Fandom:	Video Blogging RPF
Relationship:	Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream/Dave Technoblade , Clay Dream/Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream & TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream & Toby Smith Tubbo , Clay Dream/Wilbur Soot
Character:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Wilbur Soot , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Dave Technoblade , TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Toby Smith Tubbo
Additional Tags:	Boys Kissing , Forehead Kisses , Kissing , Sibling Bonding , Friends to Lovers , Enemies to Lovers , No Smut , self hatred , Anxiety , don't ship real people - Freeform
Language:	English
Collections:	Download fics , Big Bro Dream (that isn't going to gaslight ANYONE jfc) , oh YES
Stats:	Published: 2020-10-25 Words: 863

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Summary

Dream kisses differently with different people to show different things. No relationship is the same, neither are the kisses. 5 ways dream kisses and 1 he does not (I suck at summaries). 1 shot, potential for a 2 shot with types of kisses instead of ways-let me know.

Notes

Hi! Friendly reminder I do NOT ship real people! Characters only :) It's been awhile since I've written anything and I understand this is basic af. Enjoy and let me know what you think!!

When Dream and George kiss, it's sweet. It's coming home after a long day and being welcomed with warm blankets. They hold each other tenderly, whisper sweet nothings in each other's ears, brush fingertips over a soft cheek. They take it slow, pressing of lips only interrupted by soft smiles. Neither one of them controls it, they let themselves fall into it together. They're quiet, soft

whines and moans leaking from their mouths, out of their control, drawn out only for the other. Dream pauses before meeting George's lips, centimeters apart- feeling their breath mingle together in warm puffs-then leaning forwards just enough to feel the press of mouths, not even hard enough to dent. Their hearts might as well beat in rhythm. George counters by running his fingers through Dream's hair, gently scratching his scalp. They pull closer, impossibly close, until they might as well be one. Wrapped in each other's arms, they lose track of time.

When Sapnap and Dream kiss, they laugh. It's a fight between friends, poking fingers into ribs and blowing raspberries to distract the other. Their teeth clack against each other's, drawing laughing fits and tears. They lay on their sides and try to pin each other down with slick tricks, more often than not falling on top of each other in fits of giggles than actually naming a winner. They're best friends in the best way, play fighting the same way puppies do and flopping all over the place. Sapnap will lick Dream's cheek to get the older to stop tickling him out of disgust, then immediately lunge forwards for a kiss full of tongue and pressing against each other, never getting close enough. Dream grabs Sap's face to wipe spit off his own, paying no attention to the squirming and cursing of the other. They kiss until they're exhausted, until they have sore stomachs from laughing. Then the two flop onto the bed, always shuffling who hold who, and just enjoy being in the other's presence.

When Dream kisses the foreheads of Tommy and Tubbo, he does so as an older sibling. A relationship that oscillates between loving care and chaotic irritation. He never says it out loud, but Dream loves them, loves their antics and wild behavior. He loves when they cause mischief on the server, often feeding their plans and supplying them with materials. That doesn't mean Dream won't yell at them when they grief him with accidental damages, but Tommy can barely hold back giggles behind a fake-chastised look.

Dream fills them with sugar and runs them ragged, but will always catch them when they fall exhausted, offering gentle hugs and blankets when they fall asleep on the couch. There's a blackmail picture circulating among the group showing Dream knocked out, a little drool on the side of his mouth, with Tommy's head on his shoulder curled slightly into his side and Tubbo's head in his lap, hand in his hair. Even when sleeping Dream protects them. They pretend to hate his forehead kisses, but can't help to feel loved.

When Dream and Techno kiss, it's a battle. Both want the other to feel the spark of submission, playing dirty to keep their dominance.

Technoblade wins by pulling Dream's hair, hard, causing him to moan, loud. He takes advantage of the distraction to forcibly kiss the blonde, lips pressing firm and demanding. Techno kisses like he battles: ruthless, heavy, and calculated to make Dream react in the best ways.

Dream wins by pinning Technoblade, wrists gripped tight and knees on the inside of thighs, forcing them open. When Techno realizes he's stuck, Dream leans down to murmur how helpless Techno is, leaving the older pink and flushed. Dream's kisses are more tactical, a frustrating pattern of soft and demanding that Techno can never figure out. Dream draws whimpers from his throat no one else can. They two are scarily well matched, bouncing back and forth so rapidly they may as well be tied for wins. But really, as much as they want to win dominance when they make out, they both win in the end.

Dream kisses Wilbur like old lovers, chaste and quick. The two blur the line between romance and friendship, even confusing each other occasionally. Chapped lips meet soft for a moment, then pull away with a smile. There's no passion; they kiss for words left unsaid, the warmth of summer days causing mischief to solemn winters. There's no sparks between the two, yet they continue expressing their love of memories and time gone by.

Dream could never kiss himself, of course not literally, but metaphorically. He looks into the mirror and avoids looking at who stares back, eyes of a man he isn't. If he looks into his eyes, he's

afraid he'll see the inadequacy lying in their depths; the self conscious anxiety of not being enough, never meeting expectations threatening to overflow. He's much more comfortable pretending to wear his mask, avoiding all physical manifestations of his own image if necessary. He could never truly love himself that way, hiding from the world and himself. He relies on kisses from others to heal the ache inside himself.

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